Some Really Useful Dogs

The Woolly Poodle and His Friends Find a Way Into the Dog Show.

He was one of the nicest little woolly poodles you ever saw. He had a confiding expression, eyes as black as sloes, a lionlike mane and a consuming ambition. Beyond everything else he wanted to go to the dog show.

The way he knew about the dog show was this. One day another little white poodle who looked enough like him to be his twin sister came into the shop where he lived to help her mistress to select some blue embroidery silk. Being well bred, she wagged her tassel of a tail and politely said "How d' ye do?" to the little woolly poodle. He was flattered by her notice and anxious to make her acquaintance, but though he tried his best to wag his tassel of a tail in response he couldn't because he was knitted of loops of white worsted yarn, was stuffed with cotton and had an embroidered nose and shoe buttons for eyes.

The flesh and blood and hair poodle was rather surprised at not having her greeting returned and being just stared at, but as the woolly poodle looked very wistful and interested she concluded that, perhaps he was only shy, and after the manner of her sex she went on chattering about the matters that interested her without waiting for answers. She found him a very good listener.

"Are you going to the dog show?" said she. "I am. I went last year. Oh, it's so exciting. I don't exactly like it and yet I wouldn't miss it for anything.

"There are millions of dogs there, every kind of dog that was ever made, and they all bark at once and then you bark, until you're 'most crazy. And then all the people stop in front of your house and say 'Oh, what a darling!' Isn't that the sweetest thing you ever saw?'

"Sometimes it's a bore and makes you cross, but you miss it after you get back home. And they give you prizes. I got one last year and it's so bright and noisy that you're all worn out by the time it's over, but you have seen life, and things never look quite the same to you afterward.

"Yes, mistress, dear, I think that shade of blue will do very well. We must be going now. Good-by, little woolly poodle. I've enjoyed my talk with you so much. I hope we shall meet again. At this show perhaps. Do manage to go. You'll find it so broadening."

And with a graceful wave of the paw she was whisked out of the shop door under her mistress's arm.

The woolly poodle felt that he could never be contented again unless he went to the dog show and saw life and was broadened, and perhaps met his little friend. Up to this time his life had passed placidly enough, for it was a very nice shop where he lived, devoted on one side to the display of fancy work and the materials to make it, and on the other to all sorts of objects in porcelain, earthenware, brass, wood, basketwork and the like.

He had lived pleasantly here, for he had several companion dogs, but though they could talk together socially enough they were all alike, fixed rigidly in one position and not like his flesh and blood friend who wriggled and twisted and wagged her tail and cocked her ears and rolled her eyes in the most delightful manner. After his experience with this attractive creature he found his old companions very far from satisfying. They were good, dutiful dogs nevertheless and much more useful than real dogs, unless it might be the dog that runs the churn.

There was the sewing dog who carried several spools of thread around with her and thimbles and needles and scissors so that you might always know where to find such things. She was made of hair and wore a bonnet. Then there was a sulky looking china dog with a big head who held glove powder which he let out through holes in his head. He also had a velvet pincushion in his back, stuck full of long pins.

There was the mild white dog spotted with brown who was a milk pitcher, a very sweet dog indeed. The melancholy dachshund had a clock in his side and the tall slim greyhound was a hatpin holder and very expensive. Then there were the two black poodles, one of china with the French maid's cap and apron and the other a penwiper of black felt with his mane tied up on his forehead with a pink bow. There were the little white cotton wool dog, the bulldog's head pincushion, the wooden Russian dog and others not so interesting when they couldn't any of them move?

"But perhaps," said the woolly poodle, "if we could once get to the dog show we might learn how to bark and wag our tails and wiggle our noses and cock our ears and roll our eyes. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that's what broadening means."

"But," said the pessimistic big-headed china dog his disposition had been ruined by the pricking of the pins in his back "if we are so different from other dogs do you think they'd let us in to the show even if we could get there? They'd probably stop us at the door and say: 'What sort of dogs are you? Can you bark? Can you wag your tails? Can you roll your eyes or wiggle your ears?' and we'd have to stand perfectly still and say nothing and then they'd ask: 'Why have you come here? What can you do anyway?'"

"Well," said the sewing dog, who was of a cheerful and practical nature, "if they asked me that question I should say to them: 'I'll tell you what I can do. If any of you flesh and blood dogs have holes in your coats made from fighting or by accidents I can sew them up so nicely for you that they will never be seen, and I will do it gladly.' And then I am sure they would let me in."

"Why, yes," said the milk pitcher dog, "and I shall say: 'If any of you are thirsty I will give you a nice drink of milk.' And I'm sure they're all thirsty, so there'll be no trouble about my getting in."

"And they may need some pinning up," said the sulky dog, now quite cheerful, "so I'll get rid of these confounded pins that prick so."

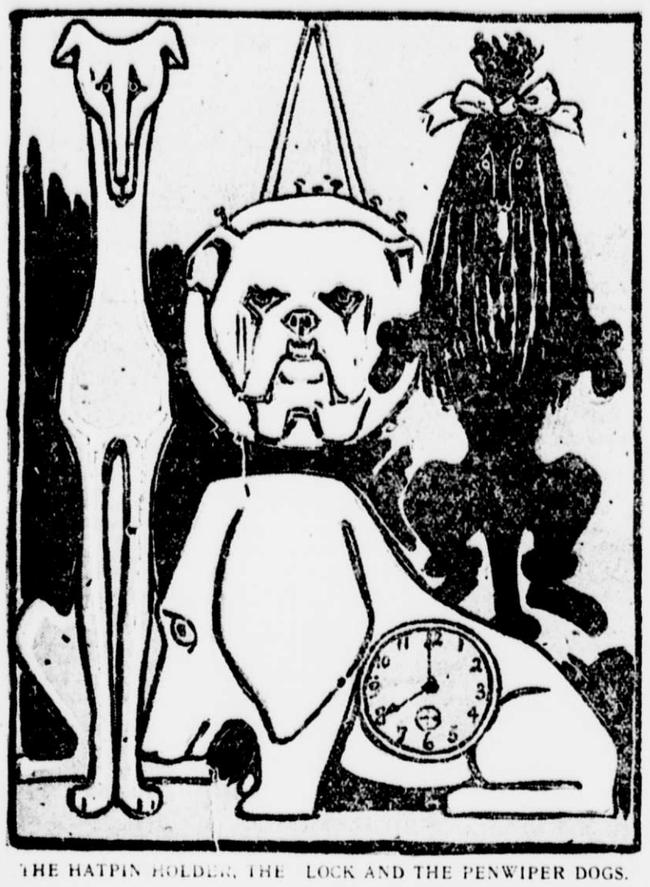
"I can do up their hair in the very latest fashion," said the French maid.

"And they can put their hatpins in me," said the greyhound.

"And wipe their pens on me," said the black penwiper.

The woolly poodle looked sad during this conversation because as far as he knew he wasn't at all useful. Then he remembered that he was intended to amuse babies, and he said joyously:

"Well, I can amuse the puppies, which will be the most useful thing of all, for it will quiet them and keep them from barking so much. I will ring my bells and let them chew me and shake me and toss me to their hearts' content. Come on, let's all go to the dog show. I guess they'll let us in."



THE HATPIN HOLDER, THE LOCK AND THE PENWIPER DOGS.

"I HOPE I SHALL MEET YOU AT THE SHOW," SAID SHE.

THE SEWING DOG.

THE MILK PITCHER DOG.

THE FRENCH MAID, THE PINCUSHION AND THE COTTON WOOL DOGS.

MADE OF WORSTED YARN.

WHY THE DIME MUSEUM'S GONE

BECAUSE GENIUS EVEN WHEN A WORM WILL TURN.

The Sheep Pelter Drew the Line at Being the Ossified Man as Well as a Dozen Other Things and Withdrew the Light of Genius From the Show.

GOSHEN, N. Y., Feb. 15.—"Have you ever had cause to pause and ponder, old Slick and Slippery," remarked the man who goes about the country buying up sheep pelts to the patent right pedler musingly stroking his ginger colored whiskers, "over the fact that the dime museum is no more? That the lady whose whiskers made her a headliner and who in private life was the father of nine small children is gone and forgotten? That Princess Grazula, the Circassian beauty rescued from a Turkish harem, has had to hook her wig to get carfare back to her job as dish washer in the tavern at Skaneateles? That all the great galaxy of talent, in fact, that once shone on the boards, so to speak, and which it cost 10 cents to go see, is now no more on view, but gone, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, and maybe working on the farm? And if you have had cause to pause and ponder over it all, Slip and Slickery, did the stern and uncompromising fact hit you anywheres that the decline and fall off of the dime museum was due to my genius getting it in the neck?"

The patent right man paused long enough in the stroking of his beard to gaze pityingly at the man who buys sheep pelts, but he said nothing.

"Ah!" said the sheep pelter, shaking his head. "I see it never hit you! And yet as a professional professor I was the greatest card on earth! Who was in it with me as Prof. De Longchong and his Admirable Crichton pig? Why, all the crowned heads threw up their hats when they saw me and the Admirable! And you think I was always a sheep pelter! Tut, tut! How soon we are forgot! And to think of me as Prof. Ignatius Dempsey! There didn't have to be a man with a fly brush around when I was Prof. Ignatius Dempsey and his Congress of Vassar College Alligators, for there were no flies on me! And where was the talent that could use the back of his neck for a napkin and tie its Adam's apple in a double bow necktie like me as Prof. Bolingbroke, the man with the rubber skin? Where was he? That's what they used to ask, but echo only answered. Remember me some now, Slip and Slickery, I reckon!"

Memory still plainly fought shy, however, of recalling to the patent right man the sheep pelter in the days of his professional genius, but the fact did not seem to cause the sheep pelt man pain and he went on:

"Oh, I knew I was great, and so did they, but I never got even a symptom of the rickets. I was 'way up on the roof in the profesh, but my head never got bigger than my hat. But I knew when genius was being worked. So when the management of the All Star All for a Dime Aggregation of Artists came to me one day and said they'd have to put me in the bill to come on every hour as the jay from Omaha who walked in from there to marry Big Foot Eliza I never kicked, but did the marry with Big Foot every hour right along. Then what did they do but cast me to bark for the show on the outside, and I never squirmed, but did it to the queen's taste, and it can't be possible, old Slip and Slickery, that me in that bit of work is something that has got away from you?"

The patent right man looked the sheep pelter over well and said with some force:

"I was barked into a Big Foot Lizy show once by some feller or other, and if my memory was a little bit surer that the shape it holds of him was your'n, sheep pelter, and I wisht it was, if I wouldn't make him to dumb forgetfulness a prey quicker 'n you can size up a farmer's sheep pelt fifty cents less than it's worth then I ain't settin' here behind these whiskers!"

The sheep pelt buyer brushed such a possibility away with a wave of his hand and proceeded:

"I barked for the show to the queen's taste without a word of protest, and when the Ferocious and Untamable Man Bear rolled home one night with a jag big enough to down our Patagonian Giant, and his wife did him up so elegant that his own brother didn't know him, I did the Man Bear for 'em and never once sassed back, though I want to give it to you now, Slick and Slippery, the burden of it assuaged by time, and me in trade far removed from the line of dramatic genius, that it wasn't any picnic having to do a lightning change every hour from the Man Bear in chains to standing up and being lectured on as the only genuine Bearded Lady, and then turning up as Prof. Longchong and his Admirable Crichton Pig, followed by a cornet song by the great Tom Coggins, me being the incomparable Tom, a little later astounding the public as Prof. Ignatius Dempsey and his Vassar College Alligators, and just previous to that coming in as the jay from Oklahoma to wed Big Foot Eliza. No picnic at all, I assure you!

"But there came a time. The worm will turn. Genius can tote a big load, but there is a last straw. The management came to me again and said:

"'What do you think of it?'

"'Meaning which?' I said.

"'The Ossified Man,' said they.

"'He's a go, I s'pose,' said I. 'But he ain't art. He ain't genius.'

"'Maybe,' said they. 'But that wasn't it. He's going to get married.'

"'No!' said I. 'To which?'

"'The Feejee Cannibal Lady,' said they.

"'When?' said I.

"'In a week,' said they.

"'So?' said I. 'Wish 'er joy. The bride's got talent.'

"And we're going to give 'em a week off for a honeymoon,' said the management.

"That's clever,' said I.

"'Yes,' they said. 'And we're going to cast you as the Feejee Lady Cannibal while they're gone.'

"'Ain't I in the bill a little already?' I said.

"'Yes,' they said. 'But we hain't got no talent that can do the Lady Cannibal but you,' they said.

"'Enough,' I said. 'I'm her for a week.'

"'Thanks!' they said. 'Say!' they said. 'It won't hardly do not to have the Ossified Man, do you think?'

"'I s'pose not,' said I. 'He's made a hit with folks that don't know bone from genius.'

"'So we're going to put you in for a week as understudy to the Ossified Man,' they said, 'so's you can do him while he's honeymoonin',' they said.

"Then I backed. I went up in the air and my fore feet were all together when I came down. I wasn't the gamboling little lamb any more. I was a wildcat rubbed the wrong way.

"'Say!' I remarked to the management, 'The Oklahoma Jay, the barker, the Bearded Lady, the Man Bear, Tom Coggins and the rest of 'er goes, but understudy for the Ossified Man breaks my genius plumb in two, and I draw a broad and indelible line at it!' I said. I threw up my engagement on the spot, and—well, I say nothing. I do not gloat. But I call your attention to the fact that the dime museum has declined and fell off kersplump. And yet you think I was always a sheep pelter! How soon we are forgot!"

"There's a farmer out Goosetown road that ain't goin' to fergit you right away, sheep pelter, not accordin' to what he was sayin' to me," said the patent right man, acting as if it gave him great pleasure to mention it. "And he says that after this it's cash on delivery, by skeezix, or no pelts!"

The man who buys up sheep pelts thought it over a while and then said:

"Thus is genius, even in sheep pelting, ever liable to get it in the neck!"

And he was so saddened by the reflection that he borrowed a chew of tobacco from the patent right man and forgot to give him back his plug.

BLIZZARDS THERE AND HERE.

Man Who Was an Up Country Boy Tells About "Quite a Fall of Snow."

"Blizzard," said a New Yorker who spent his boyhood up among the hills of the central part of the State, "is comparatively a new word. As I remember, it was coined in the West.

"Most of the winter storms are brewed in the far Northwest. When they strike the region of the Great Lakes they steer sometimes for the Gulf of St. Lawrence and sometimes they cut across country straight for the Atlantic seaboard. In this latitude we escape the former but not the latter.

"I think that the word 'blizzard' was coined somewhere near the point of divergence between the St. Lawrence Valley route and the cross-country cut. Anyway, we heard of Western blizzards before we ever applied the term to a winter storm in this region.

"It is noteworthy that the storm which established the word 'blizzard' firmly in the vocabulary of this immediate region did not approach by way of the blizzard swept plains where the new word originated. It cut in from the sea without warning, tied up the metropolis and buried with it a land crescent of which one of the horns was down near Cape May and the other not far from Newport. That was the great blizzard of March, 1888. Since that time every snowstorm in which five or six inches of snow has fallen has been called a blizzard.

"What I had in mind when I began to talk was the fuss this metropolitan district makes over what we used to regard up in the hills as an ordinary snowstorm. After one of these storms in the night the old farmer would scratch a peek hole in the frost on a window pane and observe that only the caps on top of the posts of the dooryard fence were visible. He would get into his top boots, made waterproof by rubbing warm tallow into the cowhide, and would pull open the door of the piazza fronting toward the barns and the barnyard.

"An avalanche of snow would follow the opening of the door. The tracks of his men who had gone to the barns earlier to feed the live stock would perhaps be visible and he would wade in four or five feet of snow to the barns and see that the dozen horses and colts and the half a hundred cattle had been properly cared for.

"At the breakfast table he would say, 'Boys, we must get out a team and break road half way up to Bill Rising's on the cross road and from John Gird's down to the Widow Hadley's on the stage road. Lash a plough to the off rave of the log sled and hitch up old Jenny and Zep. It's been a pretty good fall of snow.'

"The span of horses, used to that sort of work in the winter, wallowed faithfully up the cross road, sheltered by trees and alder bushes, half way up to Bill Rising's, the plough on the starboard side of the heavy sled turning a furrow away from the track. Then the team was turned around and the plough made its furrow in the other track coming back.

"But it sometimes happened that it was different on the stage road. Maybe there was a low bluff at the side of the road from which the storm came and the snow had drifted deeply on the road. The horses would wallow in these drifts up to their bellies and then would look around in a way that said plainly that they could go no further.

"'It's no use, boys,' the farmer would say. 'They'll balk themselves if we try to push them on. Go to work with the shovels and we'll turn back.'

"Then the men took the scoop shovels from the sled, opened a path around it at one side from where the horses were stalled to the rear of the sled, dug out the horses and led them back, cleared a space in which they could turn the sled end for end and, hitching up again, ploughed a furrow home in the other track.

"'The stage must go through,' the farmer would say to his men. 'Get out the yoke of four-year-olds, they'll wallow in the snow up to their horns and won't get cast.'

"Out came the yoke of big oxen with brass buttons on the tips of their widely branching horns. It was 'Haw, Buck' and 'Gee, Bright,' until the yoke of the ox team was pinned to the pole of the sled and the oxen marched along the stage road to the place where the horses had been stalled. Then the oxen wallowed on, the plough on the sled buried in the snow and the snow falling back into the furrows it had made.

"Faithfully and patiently they would try to keep on, floundering in the snow, but never getting excited as the team of horses had, until a bank of snow twenty feet higher than the tips of their horns loomed in front of them. Then the farmer would say, 'It's a job of tunnelling, boys. Dig the oxen out and turn the sled around.'

"After that had been done the farmer would say, 'The stage will be along at about noon. She wants about nine feet of head room.' Then the men would jump into the work of tunnelling through the drift made by the snow blowing over a bank and lodging there. By noon a tunnel in the blue white snow maybe forty or fifty feet long, ten feet wide and ten feet high was cut, the snow being carried away on the sled, and the daily stage went through.

"Sometimes a snow tunnel like this would last for six weeks until the sun on the roof caused it to cave in. Such a job of road breaking had to be tackled several times every winter, and when the farmers met during the day they remarked that there had been 'quite a fall of snow.'"

The man who had been talking looked out of the office window and guessed that perhaps from three to four inches of snow had fallen during the afternoon. The evening papers brought in by the boys told in circus poster type about the horrible blizzard that was raging.

"Lucky if a quarter of an inch more of snow doesn't fall," he said, "for then I wouldn't be able to get home to-night and would have to put up at a downtown hotel."

UNCLE HIRAM TO HIS NEPHEW

On the Great Advantage of Being Able to Make Up His Mind Quickly.

"You will find, Stevey," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "a great satisfaction and a great help in being able to make up your mind.

"Don't be a dillydallyer, always undecided, never knowing what you want to do. You don't want to jump at things without thought, you want to be sure you're right, but you don't want to be too long about it; you want to be able to make up your mind. Better to blunder now and then than to lack decision.

"This is a point to which some people can never bring themselves. They weigh things pro and con till they get confused and don't know what to do. This weighing things over, Stevey, when unduly prolonged not only confuses us, it saps and dissipates our very energy, literally leaves us weak and nerveless; we not only don't know what to do but if we did know we'd be powerless to do it; we'd have to wait and recuperate till our strength came back and our head came clear again.

"The ability to decide which some men possess is more or less a gift. Most of us are often in doubt, we don't know what to do; but you will find some men, a few clear headed and resolute men to whom we instinctively turn, who are never in doubt, whose discernment is always true, who always know what to do and who are always right. I hope, Stevey, that you will prove to be thus endowed.

"But whether or not this shall prove so, whether or not you shall discover yourself blessed with the great gifts of sound common sense and a clear vision, don't dillydally over things. Make up your mind! In this power and its exercise you will find a great inward satisfaction and a great help, and so strengthened yourself you will be all the more helpful to other people."

AS TO ONE EAST SIDE STREET.

Billy Learns a Few of the Ways of Pronouncing Its Name.

"Billy," said the storekeeper to the errand boy, "don't forget this bundle going to Gerrick street."

"All right, sir," said Billy, a prompt and self-reliant sort of boy who made it a point never to ask unnecessary questions but to find out things for himself.

As a matter of fact in this case he had never heard of Gerrick street, but he thought he could look it up in the street directory. When he came to look he didn't find any Gerrick and finally he was obliged to ask the boss.

"I don't find any Gerrick street in the directory," Billy said. "How do you spell it?"

"Why," said the surprised boss, "it's Go-oe-rick. Gerrick." And then, as the oddity of it struck him:

"Hm-m, Billy," said the boss, "Gerrick is a curious way to pronounce Goerck, isn't it? But that's what most people call it, Gerrick street, though I've heard people call it Go-urk and a good many call it Gorrick. But I guess Gerrick is right."

Billy found Goerck street in the directory all right, and then he started for it straight, but he made up his mind that when he got there he'd ask some folks there and see if there weren't more ways still of pronouncing Goerck street, besides Go-urk, Gorrick and Gerrick.

TROUBLE IN SWEETWILLIAM ROAD

A Flat House Intrudes in a Family Neighborhood—Preserving the Perambulator Franchise.

If you did take a map of Brooklyn and pored over it an hour or two you would never in the very severity of your study hit upon Sweetwilliam road. There are many nooks and corners of Brooklyn that are not on the city map nor even grandly delineated on real estate charts where all the avenues are paved with good resolutions and all the courts are full of promise. But Sweetwilliam road is assuredly in Brooklyn, for half the time you can reach it by taking a Smith street car far beyond the Gowanus and getting off at Avenue O or P or Q.

And being in Brooklyn it is social and sociable, always has been since Henry Ward Beecher once preached in the chapel which sits at the end of the road with a slightly paternal outlook on the rows of houses stretching down from either side of it. Families have always lived in Sweetwilliam road and children have grown up there.

But all this has been changed in a week. An apartment house has been opened abreast the nestling chapel and the lives of all the road people have been made uncomfortable and cold.

The apartment house is of red and white brick and abominably renaissant in appearance. It is perfectly equipped. Dumbwaiters noiselessly rise and sink in its walls. The elevator glides with a sort of majesty. The roof is pergolaed as for a garden of drying clothes. There are magnificent back porches supporting grand pianos which daily are played upon by ladies in shawls and languors whose maids sit back to the street on the front window sills cleaning the panes.

Sweetwilliam road was not so disturbed when the apartment house was building. It was common opinion the thing would prove to be a factory, which, though alien to a residential lane, would not impair the gentility of the neighborhood, would indeed only lend it a sad, more dignified aspect of aristocratic aloofness from the crowding outer world, of sweetness in industrial decay. There might exist affection in a factory; romance was said to inhabit commerce at times. A factory would be an excellent thing; it would increase the number of passersby, which had fallen deplorably low in the last few years.

Scientific management was welcomed by the road, which would still be at liberty to engage in aesthetics, such as afternoon walks and keeping a dog and meeting once a year to discuss the welfare of the gray squirrels that flew from limb to limb of the oak trees back of the houses. But it wasn't a factory, it was a human hive.

For a long time the road people said this over and over to each other because only by turning the thing over and over in thought and speech could the enormity of it be realized. Once before the road had received a similar shock. The Crowningcorns, who lived in the orange and mahogany house three numbers from the chapel, had had a serving girl nine years back who had scandalized the road. The serving girl had been ostensibly a widow and plainly past 40. She had been rich in her own right; her husband had left her bonds yielding an income of $2,500 a year. She had said often and tearfully that she worked for the Crowningcorns for the sake of the good home they gave her; had wanted indeed not to take the $12 a month Mr. Crowningcorn had insisted on paying her.

A most attractive woman, this serving girl, and the rumor had always been that she was a baroness in Germany. Then came the blow. In lining her pantry shelves one day Mrs. Crowningcorn chanced to observe an item in one of the newspapers she was using. She read the thing with horror. It told of her serving girl having three years before secured a divorce from the Baron Kauffmann of Frankfort a-M., Germany. Mrs. Crowningcorn had been 'prostrated for a week. Mr. Crowningcorn had instantly dismissed the serving girl.

She had gone begging for forgiveness, which had been granted but which could not for a moment condone the offence. She had left all her bonds when she died a year later to the Crowningcorns, but Mr. Crowningcorn has asked that the will be set aside in favor of a thin, poor little niece of a stenographer in the city.

That scandal Sweetwilliam road had felt would be enough for a long time. And here now was an apartment house, a big, cellular place that would stay forever and ever and would always be full, yet always be changing like an institution.

It has been necessary to speak thus to convey a just idea of the road's feelings when the mockery of the new world was completely bared to it by the affair of the perambulator franchise.

From the mid-Victorian era, when the road had been a new, rather gay residential street, the right of each property owner to run or have run a perambulator for each child up and down the sidewalks and along the lanes at the backs of the lots and in the oval park in the middle of the road had been exercised with sweet reasonableness under a perpetual franchise entered into by the original owners of the lots and conveyable with the land. All the younger generation on the road had grown up sound and healthy from judicious airings under this beneficent franchise.

Mrs. Crowningcorn was sitting with old fashioned erectness in the medallion of a park. She had been walking and was out of breath. Her heart was an inheritance. She often recalled an aunt who had collapsed a dozen times a day and requested her little niece to feel her heart. Which the little girl had always done and judicially reassured her. Now Mrs. Crowningcorn, no longer a little girl except in the delicacy of her beauty, herself had a heart.

A great negro wearing a green surcoat with gilded buttons came through the park and past her trundling an empty perambulator. Mrs. Crowningcorn on reaching home asked Mr. Crowningcorn with agitation what the spectacle had meant.

"My dear," said her husband, "it's to keep the perambulator franchise. The persons who bought the site for the hive secured with the site the perambulator right. Now, dear, these persons in the hive do not have families. That is the sort of dreadful condition said to prevail on Manhattan Island now, where families with children are not allowed in flats."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Crowningcorn faintly. "Oh!"

"And in order to keep the franchise they are undertaking to run the perambulator just one, and empty, each day," continued Mr. Crowningcorn, his face considerately averted.

"Mr. Crowningcorn," said Mrs. Crowningcorn, "please do not open the French window. Merely use the smelling salts. I am going to faint."

No Doctor in 40 Years.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Forty years residence in the country near Etna with never a doctor summoned on a professional visit at his home is the record of E. R. Hamilton, who has nevertheless raised a large family.

"There were times during the last two score years when we were hungry, but we were never sick," said Mr. Hamilton